

Poetry.
THIS LITTLE TRESS OF HAIR.
For the Advertiser.
This little tress of hair, oh! who can tell,
The wild emotions that her bosom swell,
When to my throbbing breast, with painful joy,
I clasp this relic of my darling boy.
Long, long my absent one has sweetly slept
In his low couch. The rose and violet
Have many summers bloomed above his head,
And the lone weeping willow long has shed
Its nightly tears; so like a mother's grief
Who weeps in solitude, and shuns relief,
The bright calm moon its holy light has shed
Full oft upon his grave; the breeze with fairy
tread
Sweet music oft hath made, as tho' 'twere joy
To hush the slumbers of my baby boy.
This little lock of hair! it opens the tomb,
And calls my loved one forth. Again the bloom
Is on his cheek—I hear his laugh,
His patting footstep and his questions grave,
I see the bright blue eye, the radiant face,
The silken hair, and feel his warm embrace.
He lives! I clasp again my precious boy,
Again his smile I see, and all his childish joy.
But cruel memory breaks the enchanting spell,
So pale and cold he lies. The tolling bell,
The pall, the hearse, the slow and measured
tread,
The last long lingering look into his lowly bed,
The pang my bleeding, stricken heart oppressed,
When the cold clods fell on his grave breast,
Withering my inmost soul, and with dread
weight,
Flashing the fearful whole that I am desolate,
Peace, peace, my soul, my throbbing heart be
still,
And calmly sink into thy Maker's will,
Drink, drink the cup, and biter though it be,
Thy Savior holds it, He will strengthen thee.
This little lock of hair! it seems to say—
Mother look up, and in eternal day,
See thy sweet bud of promise blooming there,
Thy cherished one. A crown of glory fair
Alone his brow, and in his tiny hand
A golden harp. See with the church's hand
He bows before the throne. Hark now he sings
Rapturous hymns to the King of Kings;
And now his harp notes swell so sweet and clear,
Mourn not dear Mother, strive to meet me
here.
Bright little tress of hair! I treasure thee,
For thy silent voice shall comfort me,
Rest on my heart till my dear boy I see,
When mortals shall be clothed with im-
mortality!
PLYMOUTH, NOVEMBER, 1853.

Miscellaneous.
THE RAIN KING;
OR
A GLANCE AT THE NEXT CENTURY.
BY MISS LESLIE.
THE year 1944 was in progress. So many new things had been added to the flag of the great republic, that Texas, Mexico and California, Canada, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland were classed among the old, or perhaps among the middle aged states. And the cold and pitiless Labrador, having now the requisite amount of population, had just applied to be taken into the union. Everything required for comfort or for luxury, for use or for ornament, was now cultivated or manufactured at home. Ladies despised French silks, and gentlemen detested English cloths. West Indian goods were offered from the sign-boards of the Yankee grocers. We were our own West Indies.
The gold and silver mines of the south were energetically worked, and they yielded abundantly. The Carolina planters were no longer obliged to pack up bag and baggage, and run away with their wives and children from the malaria of their own rice-fields. Those unwholesome swamps had long since been drained and converted into fragrant groves of what all-important shrub whose foliage supplies the cups that cheer but not inebriate. Old Virginia was at last tried (and very laudably so) of raising that one of our medical professors annually denounced, in lecturing to his class, as that infernal weed, gentlemen.
The Florida was really over, the great-grandsons of 'Fig-eat, Wild-Cat and Short-grass' having all come in, and stayed in when they came. Any Dingo's horse had been paid for; and the Girard College had been finished, and was almost ready to receive the dependants of the orphans whose admission had been contemplated by the Great Disregarded.
In Philadelphia parlance the far west was no longer expressive of the region merely beyond Broad street; but it extended two or three miles over Schuylkill, and was made accessible by a dozen beautiful wire bridges. It was a whole new likeness of that portion of that British metropolis denominated the Borough; but being inhabited by persons whose business was to supply the daily and indispensable wants of the community, it, of course, was not considered genteel by the ladies of Philadelphia. Here, however, were located the Rain works, a new establishment, with vast and powerful machinery, so constructed as to produce dense clouds of vapor ready to descend either in showers or in settled rains, as might be expedient.
At this period, intellect, no longer satisfied with the measured step of a march, was now striding over America, and ex-emplifying its power in numerous inventions and improvements, and was deemed it impossible to effect, and insane to imagine. The theory of a certain ingenious and highly scientific philosopher, who flourished towards the middle of the nineteenth century, had now been brought to practical perfection, it having been fully proved by successful experiment that, with the agency of steam power, wet weather might be furnished ad libitum—these artificial clouds having all the properties of real ones, except that they could not promise

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to rain frogs: as even the most minute tadpoles were not light enough to be drawn up and let down by them.
The gentleman who had practically completed the discovery was a descendant of the brother of the great man who first took up the subject—just as Signora Vespucci was descended from the brother of the great Amerigo. He was more fortunate than his learned and scientific predecessor, in living at a time when bank bubbles were exploded, and there was money in the land; therefore he was in no want of the most substantial sort of encouragement. Unlike his great-grand-uncle, he rejected not the appellation of the Rain King—the title of king being in the twentieth century bestowed only on persons who had done something to benefit the people. The old sort of kings had become obsolete throughout the civilized world, the princes and lords had had their day. Even in England, the descendants of Queen Victoria's children were now merged into the people, and obliged to get an honest living for themselves.
The rain office was, for the present, located in the lower story of the Universal Institute; a vast marble edifice, whose architecture was of that exclusive order distinguished as the pure American. For the advantage of a central situation, this building had been erected near that part of Broad street once occupied by a four corner grass lot denominated Penn square, but now covered with ranges of stores filled with the fashionable materials for female dress. Here were exposed to sale the furbards, gowns, and robes of New Jersey, that whole State having been laid into malberry bushes; and care being now taken to provide silk worms enough to eat the leaves, and cocoons enough to contain the silk worms.
The example of Jersey had been followed by some other portions of the union, where the land was sandy and piney, and through which it was formerly the custom to convey stage passengers always at night—the widely scattered inhabitants being alarmed that strangers should see their country in day light. So great was the change, that dyed cottons had been discarded throughout North Carolina, whose provincial citizens were seen no more in their jay-bird costume of sky-blue coats and armetta pants. In fact, nearly the whole American community was now walking in silk attire.
The fashionable stores above mentioned exhibited the light and elegant crepe lisses, acrophanes, tulles, blonds, and illusion gowns now manufactured on the banks of the Connecticut; the monseoline de laine and balzarine of Rhode Island (Newport had revived and become nearly equal to Providence); the organdies, painted lawns and fine laces of Massachusetts, not to mention the embroderies and artificial flowers of Lowell, where the many thousands of young ladies of that wonderful city (having now souls above calico) had long since devoted their talents to the manufacture of articles of taste and elegance.
Chestnut street had for the last fifty years been given to the confectioners, whose rival palaces standing side by side, evinced that theirs still continued the best business in Philadelphia—a city that, as we learn from an old pamphlet of that period, was even in the days of William Penn renowned for the excellence of its pies and cakes.
On the day that the office was opened for the first time, the rain king resolved to take his seat there, anxious to know what effect this great invention would produce on the people. The terms and regulations had been published in the newspapers for a month past. All rains were to be bespoken the day before they were required. All persons to whom it would cause particular inconvenience, were allowed to appear at the office and remonstrate. The time and quantity of the rain was to be regulated according to the wish of the majority of the applicants. Couriers were in attendance to convey orders from the rain office to the rain works over Schuylkill, those couriers being mounted on velocipedes that, when the impetus was given, skimmed along without touching the ground, always keeping just three inches above it.
The rain king was this day arrayed in a dark blue frock coat of Mount Holly velvet, with pantaloons of Tuckerton satin, and a vest of Cincinnati cashmere—the shawl-gar having been introduced with great success into the State of Ohio. His shirt-collar was of the finest Pawtucket lace, and his cravat was ornamented with the richest Merrimack embroderies. Now that everything was made on our own side of the Atlantic, and our money no longer sent out of the country for the benefit of foreign manufacturers, nearly all our people could afford to dress well, (even persons of genius) and it was considered right and proper to do so, by way of giving employment to our own artisans.—Course articles were only used for clothing the paupers that were still sent in shawls from Europe.
The rain king was a man of middle age and of middle size. It is unnecessary to praise his looks, for most people were now good looking, thanks to the important improvements in all the arts connected with the preservation of beauty and the modifying of ugliness. There were now dentifrices that preserved the teeth instead of injuring them, and when the operation changed to be necessary, tooth-drawing was performed in a manner that made it quite a luxury. There were unguents of such veritable efficacy that bald heads and gray hair became matters

of tradition, and the art of making wigs and false curls was entirely lost. There were lotions that really smoothed the skin, and emollients that filled up furrows and levelled wrinkles. The surgeons could not only straighten eyes, but they could change light gray orbs into lively black or amiable blue, and could rub dull ones bright, as easily as we can clean our silver. They could pare away a little from noses that were too large, let down the end of one that was too much retrouse, and by the help of pinners draw forward a flat nose, and extend one that was too short, with little or no pain. They could partially sew up an extra large mouth, reducing it to reasonable dimensions without leaving the slightest mark at the corners. They could shave off as much of a long chin as was required, and could cement a piece on to a short one, so nicely that the join would never be perceived.
The rain office opened for the first time at nine o'clock in the morning. Fifty years before, it would have opened at 9 in the evening—the English custom of turning night into day having then for a time been adopted in Philadelphia. But at the present period, it was again the fashion to keep regular hours, and to work by daylight—and Philadelphia always do what is fashionable.
The city clocks were all striking nine in chorus, when the numerous people assembled outside of the rain office began to go in, only one at a time being admitted. The vehicle that brought them were drawn up four abreast: setting down in Broad street, and taking up in Market-st. Carriages impelled by clock-work which could be wound up and stopped at pleasure, were just getting into vogue, and as yet, were considered very recherche. Horses were beginning to be ungentle, and were chiefly confined to cabs. Omnibuses had long since been exploded, and would have faded into mere traditions, only that the ruins of two were still extant—the dismantled body of one being joggled every day by the boys in a deserted stable yard at Kensington, and the other lying on its side near the Navy yard, overgrown with the duck-leaves and white flowers of the Jamestown weed.
The applicants for rain were admitted one at a time, entering at the Broad-st. door, and exiting at that on Market-st. from the parlours of which last, the elite took particular care to emerge as soon as possible by turning the first corner they came to. The rain king was seated in the very prime of rocking chairs, one whose back slid up and down and whose arms expanded or contracted at the pleasure of the sitter, so that it could be made to fit everybody. On each side of him sat a clerk, two trustworthily young men, but dressed merely in Hackensack cloth, with shirt frills of Shabtown blond; their salaries not allowing them to indulge in the rich velvet of Central Jersey and the fine thread lace of Southern Massachusetts.
Place aux dames was still the order of the day, that being a fashion which it is thought the men of America will never relinquish. Therefore the females, as usual, were allowed precedence on this new and important occasion.
The first person that applied at the bureau of the rain office was a very pretty girl of sixteen, Miss Louisa Vigli, who having sat up all last night to finish the new novel of the Doomed of Dedham, and expecting to do the same to-night with 'the Blind Hunchback of Nehashaminy,' and having calculated on devouring 'the Poisoned Rose of Seckonk' to-morrow (the day announced for its publication) she wished for a hard steady rain that might prevent Miss Nancy Nethercoat from coming to spend her weekly day. She further explained that it was impossible to read if Miss Nancy was in the house; the good lady always bringing with her a great bag of Dorcas works, and expecting all the females of the family to assist her in expediting it. Therefore Miss Louisa bespoken a most invariable rain, and offered to pay it liberally out of her own pocket-money.
The young lady had scarcely departed at one door, when Miss Nancy Nethercoat herself came in at the other; and chattering a fine day for to-morrow, that she might be able to perform her intended visit, and obtain the assistance of dear Mrs. Vigli and her sweet daughters in making up red flannel for emigrant children.
Mrs. Posey, a young married lady, was desirous of engaging a violent and unremitting rain for a week, accompanied with a penetrating east wind, that her dear William who had a slight cold, might be prevented from going to his store, and compelled to stay at home with her.
Mrs. Maintrain Thorn, who had for twenty years supported a worthless husband that passed most of his days and nights at taverns, requested a week of fine weather to enable herself and daughters to execute a plan they had formed in absolute desperation. This plan was to give their tormenter the slip, and gradually remove to Germantown: carefully leaving no trace behind, and trusting that it would be a long time, if ever, before he could discover their new abode. One of the rain clerks afterwards heard that these much to be pitied women ardently effected their purpose, and all got safely and secretly to their Germantown house. But while they were congratulating each other on the success of their enterprise, the old fellow came riding up on the top of the last load of fumi-ure.
A body of small school-girls had made up a subscription-purse for a heavy rain to last all next day; so as to prevent them

from being sent to school, and to give them a holiday. To make assurance doubly sure, they wished to know if some sleet could not be thrown into the bargain, just at school-time, so as to make it impossible for them to walk.
A body of large school girls were earnestly desirous of subscribing for delightful weather all the next day; as their instructors were to give them a gipsying party on the beautiful banks of the Wissahicon.
Two domestic companions, as servant girls were now called, had clubbed together to pay for a settled hard rain to pour down from morning till night on the next Monday and Tuesday, that the weekly wash might be delayed, and time afforded them to prepare dresses for a ball which they were to attend in cabs on Tuesday evening.
Three hundred washerwomen sent a deputation to know what would be charged for ensuring fine weather forever.
The whole body of cabmen wished to subscribe by the year for perpetual rain. Mr. Huddleston Henning was willing to pay handsomely for six days rain, that it might prevent his wife from undertaking his quarterly house-cleaning; at which time she and her maids always rode a raid into his library, committing intolerable and unendurable depredations among his books and papers. He did not care how much she scrubbed and whitewashed after this week, as he was going on the following Monday to Harrisburgh to apply for a divorce.
The business of umbrella-making and parasol-making being now carried on separately, in consequence of the nice division of labor that characterized the twentieth century, a deputation was sent from the umbrella-makers, offering handsome terms for settled rains three days in the week, and sudden showers the other three.
A deputation was sent from the parasol-makers, requesting that the rain king would pay no sort of attention to the umbrella-makers, and privately offering a suit of hand-omane gratuity for continual sunshine. This underhand proposal was considered highly selfish and dishonorable, and their petition was laid on the table.
The storekeepers of Burlington were desirous of bargaining for at least four decidedly rainy days in every week, that the Burlington women might be compelled to purchase of them their cotton-pops and 'aces, rows of pins and papers of needles, instead of going down to Philadelphia every morning in quest of those articles; and thereby greatly assisting to impoverish a very ancient and highly respectable town, which, as yet had not adopted any particular means of enriching itself.
Several market gardeners were urgent for dry weather to bring forward their melons. Several others desired rain for their cabbages.
A farmer offered to pay well for a week's fine weather till he had got in his hay-harvest.
An iron-master offered to pay immensely for a tremendous rain to extinguish a fire that was raging in his pig-forests.
We have given but a slight synopsis of the applications that were made at the rain office on the first day of its opening. People continued pouring in and pouring out till three o'clock; after which hour no more were to be received. On consulting the register it was found that the bespoken rain were exactly balanced by petitions against it. In fact there was a tie, and the rain king was puzzled how to net. The clerks who were very anxious that the plural experiment should be tested on a large scale, and extremely curious to see a whole rainy day produced by machinery, hinted the pardonable strain of a point, and having the rain at all hazards. But unlike some directors of public institutions, the rain king was an honorable man, and vehemently opposed to the smallest dereliction from strict integrity. One of the clerks then proposed tossing up a dollar, and trusting to chance. As in these happy days every gentleman had a dollar, there was no difficulty in obtaining one for the purpose, as would have been the case a century before. On the contrary, not only the rain-king, but each of his clerks pulled out a handful of them. It was decided that heads should signify rain, and tails fine weather.
Just as the rain king was proceeding to throw up his dollar, one more carriage was heard to stop, and immediately afterwards there was a tap at the door. It was opened, and Mrs. Highflyer, a lady of very great fashion made her appearance, expensively and modestly dressed. She swept directly up to the rain king, and said to him—"I hope I am not too late—I could not think of coming at the same time with the populace, and I knew I could be admitted at any hour I pleased. I wish to explain that I am going to-morrow evening to have a select and splendid party, comprising the very cream of the elite of Philadelphia; in short the aristocracy of the aristocracy. To my utter horror I have just received a letter from some of those country cousins whom it is everybody's misfortune to have, informing me that if the weather permits, they purpose to start early to-morrow morning, traveling slowly in their own vehicle, as one of the girls is delicate, and that they will arrive at my house in the evening for a week's visit. There are three sisters and a brother. I took all my children and spent last summer at their farm, for the benefit of fresh

fruit, and rich milk, and new-laid eggs; but they need not have been such fools as to think of taking me at my word, when I told them, at parting, I should like to see them in Philadelphia. As for producing them to my super-select friends, to-morrow evening, it is quite out of the question. I shudder at the thoughts of their countryified heads, and their six-months-old finery. And as for keeping them back, that is equally impossible; as the more they know there is a party in the house, the more they will want to be at it. Therefore, as their coming depends upon the weather, I have resolved on bespeaking the greatest rain, particularly for to-morrow, that machinery can produce. Let it be the most driving, the most violent, the most unceasing, the most determined, and the most extensive that can possibly be made; let it pour in torrents for at least thirty miles west of the city. Provided it is first-rate, and really stops their coming, I will pay the highest price for it. For if I see one of these Appleshaw faces in my rooms to-morrow evening, I shall run away to Oregon to hide my mortification."
The lady now stopped to take breath; and the rain king, though he did not in his heart approve her motives, was also in his heart glad that her application, at the eleventh hour had produced a majority of one; and that therefore, he could conscientiously order a capital rain for to-morrow, to be continued at discretion during the week.
Next day the machinery was put into extensive operation. At daylight a heavy steam-cloud overspread Philadelphia and the country beyond it to a great distance; and descended in a long hard rain that lasted all day without intermission, at a vast expense to that ever-regardless-of-expenditure city. Branch clouds had been deputed at the same time to do their duty in New Jersey and Delaware.
The results were not quite so satisfactory to the applicants at the rain office, as they had anticipated. By reading all night at the Doomed of Dedham, and the Blind Hunchback of Nehashaminy, Miss Louisa Vigli's eyes had become so inflamed that the great rainy day was wasted; for though it did keep away Miss Nancy Nethercoat and her Dorcas bag, the young lady was entirely unable to get through even one leaf of the Poisoned Rose of Seckonk.
Mrs. Posey's husband did stay at home with her during the long rain, and in consequence became tired of his wife, and the little school-girls obtained a holiday; but rumped and squabbled and made so much noise, that they were slapped, and shut up by their mothers, and sent crying to bed.
The umbrella-makers had such a run of custom, and such a demand for their umbrellas, that their journeymen and journeywomen struck for higher wages, and would not be pacified till their requisition was granted.
The maids that dreaded the wash were, it is true, enabled to work at their ball-dresses; but they spoiled them from not knowing how.
The cabmen were gratified by the profits of the long rain; only most of them caught cold, and coughed themselves off their seats.
Mrs. Huddleston Henning was prevented by the rain from cleaning her house that week, during which the state legislature suddenly broke up. So Mr. Huddleston Henning could not go to Harrisburgh for his divorce, and had to endure the whole house-cleaning all the next week. He locked his library door; but the room being on the ground-floor, his wife and her maids mounted the step-ladder, and got in at the window.
There were only two additional cotton-pops, three yards of tape, four rows of pins, and a half-quarter of a hundred needles sold in Burlington on account of the rain; the women preferring to sit idle, rather than not go twenty miles and back, for their sewing articles.
The rain did prevent Mrs. Highflyer's Appleshaw cousins from coming to town; but it also prevented the choicest of the elite from coming to her party. There was to be no one still more select, on the following evening at Mrs. Tiptop's, and the haut noblesse thought it better to reserve themselves for that, than to run the risk of getting rheumatisms, catarrhs, damp feet and splashed dresses by stepping out of carriages in a violent shower, pattering across flooded pavements, and dragging up wet doorpste.
It was only in one instance that this rain gave unqualified satisfaction to the bespoken; and that was when it extinguished the fire in the pines.
In short it was found every evening, on posting the books, that the applicants for a continuance of fair weather outnumbered those that desired rain. The profits of the enterprise not covering the expenditure, the stock of the rain company fell; and there was much ruinous speculation in consequence.
Natural rains had never occasioned anything worse than submissive regret to those who suffered inconvenience from them, and were always received more in sorrow than in anger. But these artificial rains were taken more in anger than in sorrow, by all who did not want them. The company was accused of unfair preferences; and there were hints of bribery and corruption. A loan was obtained at exorbitant interest, but the treasurer of the company ran away with nearly all the money; and is now living in great splendor, in California. A confidential clerk

was sent to bring him back, but never found him; and the confidential clerk's charges for traveling expenses, loss of time, and loss on the sale of a pair of boots, which he found too tight for him, completely swallowed up the remainder of the funds.
The rain king became unpopular, because he had not the miraculous power of pleasing everybody. The rain works are abandoned, and he has gone in the last steam-vessel to China, by the short cut, as it is called, through the ship canal that now unites the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Chinese have succeeded in driving away the English, and in settling down to the stationary state in which they excited the wonder of the world for thousands of years. Their country still requires more irrigation than it receives, and long droughts are still frequent. But though the emperor's edicts generally commence with "Read this and tremble," he announces in them that magic may be employed, when nothing else will do. Therefore our rain king is studying that ancient and respectable art, [an American can turn his hand to anything] and when he has acquired it and practised it awhile, successfully, he will most probably return to his own country; and be able to furnish every individual with exactly as much rain as will suit that individual's own particular purpose, without infringing on the convenience of his neighbor.
The Mother's Last Lesson.
"Will you please teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me and bid me good night?" said little Roger L.—, as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother; "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."
Mrs. L.— was very ill, and indeed her attendants believed her dying. She sat propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath; her lips were white, her eyes were growing dull and glazed. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only, her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, whilst she repeated passages from God's holy word, or related to him stories of wise and good men, spoken of in its pages.
"Hush!" said a lady, who was watching beside her couch. "Your dear mother is too ill to hear you to-night. As she said this she came forward and laid her hand gently upon his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his heart would break.
"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot!"
The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been insensible to everything transpiring around her, the sob of her darling aroused her from her stupor, and turning to her friend she desired her to bring her little son and lay him on her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden hair nestled beside the cold face of his dying mother.
"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me, and never, never forget it; 'When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.' The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold, almost rigid features before him, and went quietly to his couch. The next morning he sought, as usual, his mother, but found her stiff and cold.
This was his last lesson. He has never forgotten it—probably never will. He has grown up to be a man—a good man, and now occupies a post of honor and profit in Massachusetts. I never could look upon him without thinking of the faith so beautifully exhibited by his mother.
How to Destroy an Enemy.
Nanglee, Emperor of China, being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the provinces, said—
"Come, then, my friends, follow me, and I promise you that we shall very quickly destroy them."
He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but they were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity.
"How?" cried his first minister, "Is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise?"
"Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold you have pardoned all, and have caressed some!"
I promised," replied the Emperor, "with a generous air, 'to destroy my enemies.' I have fulfilled my word, for see they are my enemies no longer, I have made friends of them."—Goldsmith's Citizen of the World.
Gen. Cass has met with another painful affliction in the death of his favorite grand child Lizzy Canfield, daughter of Captain Canfield, at the age of ten years. She was well in the evening, reading a book, yet that same night Gen. Cass was awakened with the terrible intelligence that she was dying, and before daybreak she had breathed her last.
Look out for the beggar who refuses bread unless it is buttered, and who is indignant at potatoes unless they are peeled. He alarms the house by kicking the door.

A FOREST HYMN.
Stretching far on either hand,
Rows of lofty columns stand,
By the All-wise Builder planned,
For his temple elden;
And the vista'd aisles I tread,
Arched as grandly overhead,
Are with verdure carpeted,
Inwreath with flowers golden.
List! I hear no chanting choir,
Peals no organ on the air;
But the "pine leaves" everywhere,
Touched by unseen fingers,
Yield their sap to the breezes
Chiming in with birds and bees,
'Mid the Autumn tinted trees,
Where the sunshine lingers.
God, thy greatness here I feel,
Heeds my heart thy love's appeal,
By thy forest shrine I kneel,
All my sin confessing!
Here with strength my soul I brace,
Light thy altar fires anew,
Aid me to be pure and true,
Father, with thy blessing.
A Lucky Dream.
A correspondent of the United States Gazette gives the following curious account of the manner in which making round shot was originally discovered.—We believe it to be new to many of our readers:
"My father was a plumber in the city of New York, and for a long time could think of nothing but how to make round shot. Round shot was the burden of the night as well as the day. One night he was awakened by a blow in the back from my mother, who exclaimed, I have found out how to make round shot. I dreamed I was going into a shop to buy the child (myself), a hat, when, on hearing a hissing noise proceed from an inner room, I was informed that they were making round shot; on going in, I looked up, and saw a man pouring mol lead through a sieve at the top of the building, which fell into a tub on the floor, and on taking some of the shot into my hand, found they were perfectly round! My father exclaimed in ecstasy, 'You have found it out.' Immediately he set the melting pot to work, and on pouring some of the melted lead from the top of the stairs he found the shot much rounder than any which he had before made. At daylight he poured some from the top of the leading tower in the city, succeeding much better; and on pouring some from the shaft of the mine he found he had obtained round shot."
IMPORTANT TO MAN.—Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around their midnight throne, are set above the grasp of limited faculties, forever mocking us with approachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will set out before us like islands that shimmer on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that now pass before us like the meteor, will stay in our presence forever.
There is a report that we are shortly to have another Seminole war, the Governor of Florida having expressed his determination to drive the remnant of the Seminoles from the State, in accordance with the views of a large proportion of his constituents. The leading inhabitants of South Florida, however, have held a public meeting at Soto in Hernando Co., at which resolutions were passed, protesting against the proposed removal, by force.
It is said that the English and French chess clubs have made a novel match to be played shortly at the Hippodrome. A gigantic chess board will be marked out upon the turf. The pawns will be carried on the backs of real elephants, and every other piece will be represented by an equestrian performer dressed in character. The kings and queens will be in gorgeous robes, the knights in full armour, and the bishops will represent the "true church militant."
A MAN sometime ago was assaulted in Berwick, Maine, was removed over the line to his residence in New Hampshire, where he has since died. Judge Howard, of Maine, has charged the Grand Jury of York county, that the murderer cannot be indicted, at common or statute law, where the deadly wound was inflicted in one State, and the man died in another—so the murderer will escape punishment by this new difficulty.
Quite a sensation was produced in a church in South Boston, during service, last Sunday, by the sudden appearance of a human leg in the ceiling overhead, accompanied by the falling of eight feet of plastering, and lath. A truant boy was the other of the mischief.
There is a difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.
Happiness is not in a cottage, nor a palace, nor in riches, nor in learning, nor in ignorance, nor passive life; but in doing right from right motives.
Miss Pitkin says the reason she has never married, is, that she never yet saw the man for whom "she'd be wild"—so cook three meals of virtuous every day of her life." A good reason.
The greatest wisdom that a man can learn, is to forget all sorrows, and cherish the good of the last, and mend his ways in the future.
Modesty is more becoming, and always esteemed more valuable than beauty.—Beauty perishes, but modesty never decays.